Mr. CAMPBELL's PACKET, FOR THE ENTERTAINMENT OF GENTLEMEN and LADIES.

CONTAINING,

I. VERSES to Mr. CAMPBELL, Occasioned by the History of his Life and Adventures. By Mrs. FOWKE, Mr. PHILIPS, &c.

II. The *Parallel*, A POEM, Comparing the *Poetical-Productions* of Mr. POPE, with the *Prophetical-Predictions* of Mr. CAMPBELL. By Capt. *Stanhope*.

III. An Account of a most surprising Apparition, sent from *Launceston* in *Cornwall*, Attested by the Revd. Mr. *Ruddle*, Minister there.

Mira Canam, sed erunt qui me finxisse loquantur,
Nullaq; Mortali numina Visa putent,
Est Deus in nobis, agitante calescimus illo.
Ovid.

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VERSES

TO

Mr. *CAMPBELL.*

ON THE

HISTORY

Of his Life and Adventures.

I Court no Muſe amidſt the tuneful Throng,
Thy *Genij*, CAMPBELL, ſhall inſpire my Song;
The gentle Summons every Thought obeys,
Wakens my Soul, and tunes it all to Lays.

Among the Thouſand Wonders, thou haſt ſhown
I, in a Moment, am a Poet grown;
The riſing Images each other meet,
Fall into Verſe, and Dance away with Feet;
Now with thy *Cupid* and thy *Lamb* I rove, *
Thro' ev'ry Bloomy-Mead, and fragrant Grove.
A thouſand Things, I can, my ſelf, Divine,
Thy little *Genij* whiſper 'em to Mine;
Beyond the Grave I ſee thy deathleſs Fame,
The Fair and Young all Singing CAMPBELL'S Name;
And Love himſelf, — for Love and Thou art Friends,
He joyns the Chorus, and his Dart defends.
What noiſy-Talker can thy Magick Boaſt?
Let thoſe dull Wretches try who ſcorn Thee moſt.
O ſacred Silence! let me ever dwell,
With the ſweet Muſes in thy lonely Cell;
Or elſe bind up, in thy Eternal Chain,
Scandal and *Noiſe*, and all that *Talk in vain*.

M. FOWKE.

* See Mr. *Campbell's* Life. p. 71

TO

Mrs. *FOWKE*,

Occaſioned by the foregoing Verſes.

SWEET Nightingale! whoſe artful Numbers ſhow,
Expreſſive Eloquence to Silent Woe,
Sing on, and in thy Sex's Power preſume,
By Praiſing CAMPBELL, to Strike Nations Dumb.

Whene'er you Sing, ſilent, as he, they'll ſtand,
Speak by their Eyes, grow Eloquent by Hand:
Tongues are Confuſion, but as learnt by You,
All but *Pythagoras*'s Doctrine's true;

CAMPBELL and HE taught Silence —— had HE heard,

How much thy Lays to Silence were preferr'd,
He had recanted from Thy powerful Song,
And juſtly wiſh'd each Organ had a Tongue.

But could He ſee, what You, in every Line,
Prophetick tell of CAMPBELL's *Sight-Divine*;
Like *Cræſus'* Son's his looſned Nerves muſt break,
And ask the Cauſe —— or make his CAMPBELL Speak.

G. S.

To Mr. *CAMPBELL.*

MILTON's Immortal Wiſh * You ſure
must feel,
To Point thoſe Fates, which You to All reveal;
If ſecond *Sight* ſo much alarms Mankind,
What Tranſports muſt it give, to know thy Mind?
Thy Book, is but the Shadow of thy worth,
Like diſtant Lights, which ſet ſome Picture forth.
But if the Artiſt's Skill we nearer trace,
And ſtrictly view each Feature of the Face;
We find the Charm, that Animates the whole,
And leave the Body, to Adore the Soul.

MILTON's Immortal Wiſh you ſure muſt
feel,
To Point thoſe Fates, which You to All reveal.

I. Philips.

* To ſee and tell
Of things inviſible to Mortal Sight. *Parad. Loſt.*

[redacted]

THE PARALELL, TO Mr. CAMPBELL.

AS *Denham* Sings, Misterious 'twas, the same,
Should be the Prophet's and the Poet's Name;*
But while the Sons of *Genius* join to Praise,
What Thine presaging dictates to their Lays,
The things They sweetly Sing and You foreshew,
Open the *Sampson*-Riddle to our View;
Strong are thy Prophecies, their Numbers sweet,
And with the Lion, Combs of Honey meet.

Late

* (*Vates*) See, the *Progress of Learning*.

Late on Fantaſtic Cabaliſtic Schemes,
Of waking Whimſies, or of Feveriſh Dreams,
New Cobweb Threads of *Poetry* were ſpun,
In gaudy Snares, like Flies, were Witlings won,
Their Brains intangled, and our *Art* undone.

Pope firſt deſcended from a *Monkiſh* Race,
Cheapens the Charms of Art, and daubs her Face;
From *Gabalis*, * his Muſhroom Fictions riſe,
Lop off his *Sylphs* — and his *Belinda* † dies;
Th' attending Inſects hover in the Air,
No longer, than they're preſent, is She Fair;
Some Dart thoſe Eye-beams, which the Youths beguile,
And ſome ſit Conquering in a dimpling Smile.
Some pinch the Tucker, and ſome ſmooth the Smock,
Some guard an Upper ſome a Lower Lock;

But

* See the Hiſtory of the Count *de Gabalis*, from whence he has taken the Machinery of his *Rape of the Lock*.
† Mrs. *F—m—r*.

But if these truant Body-Guards escape,
In whip the *Gnomes*, and strait commit a Rape;
The curling Honours of her Head they seize,
Hairs less in Sight, or any Hairs *they please*;
But if to angry Frowns, her Brow she bends,
Upon her Front some sullen *Gnome* descends;
Whisks thro' the furrows, with its Airy Form,
Bristles her Eye-brows, and *directs the Storm.*

As wide from these, are *Addisonian* Themes,
As Angels Thoughts are from distempered Dreams;
Spenser and *He*, to Image Nature, knew,
Like living Persons, Vice and Virtue drew:
At once instructed and well-pleas'd we read,
While in sweet Morals these two Poets laid,
No less to Wisdom, than to Wit, pretence;
They led *by Musick*, but they led to *Sense*.

But

But *Pope* ſcarce ever *Force* to *Fancy* Joins,
With *Dancing-Maſter's* Feet equips his Lines,
Plumes empty Fancy, and in *Tinſel* ſhines.
Or, if by chance his Judgment ſeems to lead,
Where one poor Moral faintly ſhews its Head;
'Tis like a Judge, that reverendly dreſt,
Peeps thro' the Pageants, at a Lord May'rs Feaſt;
By ſtarts he Reaſons, and ſeems Wiſe by Fits,
Such Wit's call'd *Wiſdom, that has loſt its Wits.*

Un-nam'd by me this witling Bard had been,
Had not the Writer's caus'd the Reader's Sin;
But Leſs by Comedies and lewd Romances,
Are ruin'd, Leſs by *French* laſcivious Dances,
Than by ſuch Rhimers Maſqueraded Fancies.

From *ſuch*, the Root of Superſtition grew,
Whoſe Old Charms fertile, daily Branch'd in New;

From *such Chimeras* first inspir'd, the Fair
The *Confrers* Ring Approach'd and *Jesuits* Chair;
Throng'd to the Doors, where *Magick Rogues* Divin'd,
And sold out *Ignes-fatui* to the Mind.

Wizards and *Jesuits* differ but in Name,
Both *Demon's* Envoys, and their Trade the same;
Weak Wills they lead, and vapour'd Minds command,
And play the Game into each others Hand;
Like Spiritual *Jugglers* at the *Cup* and *Ball*,
Rising by foolish Maids, that long to Fall.
Some into Love they *Damn*, and some they *Pray*,
For Greensick-Minds are caught a different way;
To the same End, tho' several Paths, they run,
Priests to Undo, and Maids to be Undone;
Some *blacker* Charms, some *whiter* Spells cajole,
As some *lick Wall* and some *devour a Coal*.

Here

Here Ladies, strong in Vapours, see Men's Faces
Imprinted in the Conjurers dazling Glasses,
There, when, in Spring Time, the too praying Priest,
Toasts, and does something *better*,—*to the best*
A Spouse is promis'd on next *Baptist's* * Feast.
First some young *Contrite* Rake's enjoin'd to Marry
Least——Madam's forc'd to squeak for't—or—Miscarry:
In *June*, the Lass does to the Fields repair,
Where good Sir *Domine* just took the Air.
When, O strange Wonder!——near a *Plantane-Root*,
She finds a *Coal*——and so a *Spouse* to boot,
She longs to Dream——and to secure the Sport
That very Day the Youth design'd——must Court,
He does——She struck with rapture and delight,
Bespeaks her Fancy—strongly—Dreams at Night.

* See the Dedication of Mr. *Campbell's* Life.

The yielding Fair, the raviſh'd Youth obtains,
A Maid ſhe paſſes —— ſo His Child's free gains,
He has the pleaſure, yet is ſav'd the Pains.
Thus when Prieſt's *Wench*—to Cure the *growing* Evil
Poor St. *John Baptiſt* muſt forerun the Devil.

But if the Ladies fall, at fall of Leaf,
Or in the Winter—ſtill there's freſh relief;
Let her Lace *cloſe* four Months, and if ſhe *can*
St. *Agnes* * heals the Breach and brings the *Man*.
Thus a *lewd Prieſt* to *Vapour'd Virgins* cants
And into *Pimps* reverts his *Veſtal Saints*.

O! dire Effects of Maſqu'd Impiety!
And ſhall they (Chriſtian Muſe!) have Aids from Thee;
Wilt Thou, like witty Heathens, lewdly given,
To a *Gehenna* Metamorphoſe *Heaven*?

Wilt

* See Mr. *Campbell's* Dedication.

Wilt Thou,—O no—forbid th' unhallow'd Song?
Such Prophanations to *Rome*'s Bard belong.
Let ONE, who *Gods* and *Goddesses* Adores,
Paint them like *Rakes* and *Bullies*, *Bawds*, and *Whores*,

Our *Genii*, CAMPBELL, shall be all Divine,
Shall high o'er Theirs as much distinguish'd shine,
As o'er such Priests or Chiromancers, Thine.
Thine, which does future Time's events Command
To Leap to Sight, and in thy Presence stand;
Thine, whose Eyes glowing with a *gifted* Ray,
New Roads of Life o'er Wisdom's *Alps* survey;
And guide benighted Travellers to Day.
Let Me, for once, a Daring Prophet be,
Mark from this Hour—And Poetry thou'rt free:
Date a New *Æra* from thy Book and Thee;
Thy Book, where, thro' the Stories, thou hast laid
All Moral Wisdom's to the Mind convey'd:
And thus far Prophecys each Page, that all
Must rise by Virtues, or by Vices fall:

Poets

Poets shall blush to see their Wit outdone,
Resume their Reason, and assert it's Throne,
Shall *Fables* still for *Virtues-sake* Commend
And *Wit* the *means*, shall *Wisdom* make its *End*.

Who hopes to Please, shall strive to Please by Pains,
Shall gaining Fame, earn hard whate'er he gains,
And DENHAM's Morals join, to DENHAM's Strains.

Here Paint the *Thames* * " When running to
" the Sea
" Like Mortal Life to meet Eternity.
There show both Kings and Subjects " one
" excess,
" Makes both, by striving to be Greater, Less.
Shall climb and sweat, and falling, climb up still,
Before he gains the height of *Coopers-Hill*.

In

* See *Coopers-Hill*.

In *Windſor-Foreſt*, if ſome trifling Grace,
Gives, at firſt bluſh, the whole a pleaſing Face,
'Tis *Wit*, 'tis true; but then 'tis *Common Place*.
The *Landſcape-Writer*, branches out a *Wood*,
Then digging hard for't, finds a *Silver Flood*.
Here Paints the *Woodcock* quiv'ring in the Air,
And there, the bounding *Stag* and quaking *Hare*.
Deſcribes the *Pheaſant*'s Scarlet-circled Eye,
And next the *ſlaught'ring*-Gun, that makes him Die.
From *common* Epithets that Fame derives,
By which his moſt *uncommon* Merit lives.
'Tis true! if fineſt Notes alone could ſhow,
(Tun'd juſtly high, or regularly low,)
That we ſhould Fame to theſe mere *Vocals* give,
POPE more, than we can offer, ſhould receive.
For, when ſome gliding River is his Theme,
His Lines run ſmoother, than the ſmoothest Stream;
Not ſo, when thro' the Trees fierce *Boreas* blows,
The Period bluſtring with the Tempeſt grows.

But

But what Fools Periods read, for Period's ſake?
Such Chimes improve not Heads, but make 'em Ach;
Tho' ſtrict in Cadence on the Numbers rub,
Their frothy Subſtance is Whip-Syllabub;
With moſt *Seraphic emptineſs* they roll,
Sound without Senſe, and Body without Soul.

Not ſuch the Bards, that give you juſt Applauſe,
Each, from Intrinſick worth, Thy Praiſes draws,
Morals, in ev'ry Page, where e'er they look,
They find divinely ſcatter'd thro' thy Book:
They find Thee ſtudious, with Praiſe-worthy ſtrife,
To ſmooth the future Roads of Human Life,
To help the Weak, and to Confirm the Strong,
Make our Griefs vaniſh, and our Bliſs prolong,
With *Phineus'* equal find Thy large Deſert
And in Thy Praiſe would equal *Milton's* Art.

Some

Some Fools, we know, in spite of Nature born,
Would make their Wits, as they are Mankind's scorn,
For still 'tis one of Truth's amazing Rules
No Sage can rise without a Host of Fools.
Coxcombs, (by whose Eternal Din o'er come,
The Wise, in just revenge, might wish them *Dumb.*)
Say, on the World Your Dumbness you impose,
And give You Organs they deserve to lose.
Impose, indeed, on all the World you would,
If You but held Your Tongue, because you could;
'Tis hard to say, if keeping Silence still,
In one, who, could he speak, would speak with Skill,
Is worse, or Talk in these, who Talk so Ill.
Why on that Tongue, should purposed silence dwell

Whence every Word would drop an Oracle?

More Fools of thy known foreſight make a Jeſt,
For all hate greateſt Gifts, who ſhare the leaſt
(As *Pope* calls *Dryden* often to the Teſt.*)
Such from thy Pen, ſhould *Irwin*'s Sentence † wait
And at the Gallows, own the *Judge of Fate.*
Or, while with feeble Impotence They rail
Write Wonders on, and with the *Wiſe* prevail.

Sooner ſhall *Denham* ceaſe to be renown'd,
Or *Pope* for *Denham*'s Senſe quit empty ſound,
To *Addiſon*'s Immortal heights ſhall riſe,
Or the Dwarf reach him in his native Skies.
Sooner ſhall real Gypſies grow moſt fair,
Or falſe ones, mighty Truths, like thine, declare,
Than theſe poor Scandal-Mongers hit their Aim,
And blemiſh *Thine* or CURLL's acknowledg'd Fame.

Great

* See many Places of his Notes on *Homer*.
† See Mr. *Campbell*'s Life, pag. 140.

Great *Noſtradamus* thus, his Age adviſ'd,
The Mob His Counſels jeer'd, *ſome Bards*, * deſpis'd
Him ſtill, neglecting theſe, His *Genius* fir'd,
A King incourag'd, and the World admir'd;
Greater (as Times great Tide increas'd) He grew,
When diſtant Ages prov'd what Truths He knew;
Thy noble Book, a Greater KING receiv'd,
Whence I predict, and Claim to be believ'd,
That by Poſterity, leſs Fame ſhall be,
To *Noſtradamus* granted, than to *Thee*;
Thee! whom the beſt of KINGS does ſo defend
And (Myſelf Barring) the beſt *Bards* commend.

White-Hall
June 6. 1720.

H. Stanhope.

* Alluding to this Verſe, *ſed cum falſa Damus, nil niſi Noſtra Damus.*

A Remarkable PASSAGE OF AN APPARITION. 1665.

IN the beginning of this Year, a Diſeaſe happened in this Town of *Launceſton*, and ſome of my Scholars died of it. Among others who fell under the Malignity then triumphing, was, *John Eliott* the eldeſt Son of *Edward Eliott* of *Treberſe*, Eſq; a Stripling of about Sixteen Years of Age; but of more than common Parts and Ingenuity. At his own particular Requeſt I Preached at the Funeral, which happened on the 20th Day of *June*, 1665. In my Diſcourſe (*ut mos reiq; lociq; poſtulabat*) I ſpake ſome Words in Commendation of the Young Gentleman; ſuch as might endear his Memory to thoſe that knew him, and withall tended to preſerve his Example to the Fry which

which went to School with him, and were to continue there after him. An *Ancient Gentleman*, who was then in the Church, was much affected with the Discourse, and was often heard to repeat the same Evening, one Expression I then used out of *Virgil*.

Et Puer ipse fuit cantari dignus.

The reason why this grave Gentleman was so concerned at the Character, was a Reflection he made upon a Son of his own, who being about the same Age, and but a few Months before, not unworthy of the like Character I gave of the Young Mr. *Elliot*; was now by a strange Accident quite lost as to his Parents hopes, and all expectations of any farther Comfort by him.

The Funeral Rites being over, I was no sooner come out of the Church, but I found my self most courteously accosted by this Old Gentleman; and with an unusual importunity, almost forced against my Humour to see his House that Night, nor could I have rescued my self from his kindness, had not Mr. *Elliot* interposed and pleaded title to me for the whole Day, which (as he said) he would resign to no Man. Hereupon I got loose for that time, but was constrained to leave a Promise behind me, to wait upon him at his own House the *Monday* following. This then seemed to satisfy, but before *Monday* came, I had a new Message to request me that if it were possible I would be there the *Sunday*. The second attempt I resisted, by answering that it was against my convenience, and the Duty which I owed

People

People expected from me. Yet was not the Gentleman at Reſt, for he ſent me another Letter the *Saturday* by no means to fail the *Monday*, and ſo to order my Buſineſs as to ſpend with him two or three Days at leaſt. I was indeed ſtartled at ſo much eagerneſs, and ſo many dunnings for a Viſit, without any Buſineſs; and began to ſuſpect that there muſt needs be ſome deſign in the Bottom of all this exceſs of Courteſy. For I had no Familiarity, ſcarce common Acquaintance with the Gentleman, or his Family; nor could I imagine whence ſhould ariſe ſuch a fluſh of Friendſhip on the ſudden.

On the *Monday* I went and paid my promiſed Devoir, and met with Entertainment as free and plentiful, as the Invitation was importunate. There alſo, I found a Neighbouring Miniſter, who pretended to call in accidentally, but by the Sequel I ſuppoſe it otherwiſe. After Dinner this Brother of the Coat undertook to ſhow me the Gardens, where as we were Walking, he gave me the firſt diſcovery of what was mainly intended in all this Treat and Complement.

Firſt he began to tell the Infortunity of the Family in general, and then gave Inſtance in the Youngeſt Son. He related what a hopeful ſprightly Lad he lately was, and how Melancholick and Sottiſh he was now grown. Then did he with much Paſſion lament, that his ill Humour ſhould ſo incredibly ſubdue his Reaſon; for (ſaith he) the poor Boy believes himſelf to be haunted with Ghoſts, and is confident that he meets with an Evil Spirit in a certain Field about half a Mile from this Place, as often as he goes that way to

School.

School. In the midst of our Twattle, the Old Gentleman and his Lady (as observing their Cue most exactly) came up to us. Upon their Approach, and pointing me to the Arbour, the Parson renews the Relation to me, and they (the Parents of the Youth) confirmed what he said, and added many minute Circumstances, in a long narative of the whole: In fine they all Three desired my Thoughts and Advice in the Affair.

I was not able to collect Thoughts enough on the sudden, to frame a Judgment upon what they had said. Only I answered, that the thing which the Youth reported to them, was strange, yet not incredible, and that I knew not then what to think or say of it, but if the Lad would be free to me in talk and trust me with his Counsels, I had hopes to give them a better Account of my Opinion the next Day.

I had no sooner spoken so much, but I perceived my self in the Springle their Courtship had laid for me; for the old Lady was not able to hide her impatience, but her Son must be call'd immediately; this I was forced to comply with, and consent to, so that drawing off from the Company to an Orchard near by, she went her self, and brought him to me, and left him with me.

It was the main drift of all these Three to perswade me, that either the Boy was lazy, and glad of any excuse to keep from the School, or that he was in love with some Wench, and ashamed to confess it; or that he had a Fetch upon his Father to get Money and new Clothes, that he might range to *London* after a Brother he had there; and therefore they begg'd of me, to discover the Root

of

of the Matter; and accordingly to dissuade, advise, or reprove him; but chiefly by all means to undeceive him, as to the fancy of Ghosts and Spirits.

I soon entred a close Conference with the Youth, and at first was very cautelous not to displease him, but by smooth Words to ingratiate my self and get within him, for I doubted he would be too distrustful, or too reserved. But we had scarce past the first Scituation and began to speak to the Business, before I found, that there needed no Policy to skrew my self into his Heart; for he most openly and with all obliging Candour did aver, that he loved his Book, and desired nothing more than to be bred a Scholar; that he had not the least respect for any of Womankind as his Mother gave out; And that the only request he would make to his Parents was, that they would but believe his constant Assertions, concerning the Woman he was disturbed with, in the Field, called the *Higher-Broom-Quartils*. He told me with all naked freedom and a Flood of Teares, that his Friends were unkind and unjust to him, neither to believe nor pity him; and that if any Man (making a bow to me) would but goe with him to the Place he might be convinc'd that the Thing was real, *&c.*

By this Time he found me apt to compassionate his Condition, and to be attentive to his Relation of it; and therefore he went on in this Manner.

This Woman which appears to me (saith he) lived a Neighbour here to my Father; and dyed about Eight Years since; her Name *Dorothy Dingley*, of such a Stature, such Age, and such Complexion. She never speaks to me, but passeth by hastily.

haſtily, and always leaves the foot Path to me, and ſhe commonly meets me twice or three Times in the breadth of the Field.

It was about two Months before I took any Notice of it, and though the Shape of the Face was in my Memory, yet I could not recall the Name of the Perſon; but without more thoughtfulneſs, I did ſuppoſe it was ſome Woman who lived thereabout, and had frequent Occaſion that way. Nor did I imagine any Thing to the contrary, before ſhe began to meet me conſtantly Morning and Evening, and always in the ſame Field, and ſometimes twice or thrice in the breadth of it.

The firſt Time I took notice of her, was about a Year ſince; and when I firſt began to ſuſpect and believe it to be a Ghoſt, I had Courage enough not to be afraid; but kept it to my Self a good while, and only wondred very much at it. I did often ſpeak to it, but never had a Word in Anſwer. Then I changed my Way and went to School the under Horſe Road, and then ſhe always met me in the narrow Lane, between the Quarry Parke and the Nurſery, which was worſe.

At length I began to be terrified at it, and prayed continually, that God would either free me from it, or let me know the meaning of it. Night and Day, ſleeping and wakeing, the Shape was ever running in my Mind; and I often did repeat theſe Places of Scripture (with that he takes a ſmall Bible out of his Pocket) Job. 7. 14. *Thou ſcareſt me with Dreams, and terrifieſt me through Viſions*; and Deut. 28. 67. *In the Morning thou ſhalt ſay, would God it were Evening, and at Evening*

thou ſhalt ſay would God it were Morning, for the fear of thine Heart, wherewith thou ſhalt fear, and for the ſight of thine Eyes which thou ſhalt ſee. I was very much pleaſed with the Lad's Ingenuity, in the Application of theſe pertinent Scriptures to his Condition, and deſired him to proceed. (Thus ſaith he) by degrees I grew very penſive, inſomuch that it was taken Notice of by all our Family; whereupon being urged to it, I told my Brother *William* of it; and he privately acquainted my Father and Mother; and they kept it to themſelves for ſome Time.

The ſucceſs of this diſcovery was only this; they did ſometimes laugh at me; ſometimes chide me, but ſtill commanded me to keep my School, and put ſuch Fopperies out of my Head. I did accordingly goe to School often, but always met the Woman in the way.

This and much more to the ſame purpoſe (yea as much as held a Dialogue of near two Hours) was our Conference in the Orchard; which ended with my proffer to him, that (without makeing any privy to our Intents) I would next Morning, walk with him to the Place about Six a Clock. He was even tranſported with Joy at the mention of it, and replyed, but will you ſure, Sir? Will you ſure, Sir? Thank God, now I hope I ſhall be believed. From this Concluſion we retired into the Houſe.

The Gentleman, his Wife and Mr. *Sam.* were impatient to know the Event, inſomuch that they came out of the Parlour, into the Hall to meet us; and ſeeing the Lad look chearfully, the firſt Complements from the Old Man was, come Mr. *Ruddle*, you

you have talked with *Sam.* I hope now he will have more Wit; an idle Boy, an idle Boy. At these Words the Lad ran up the Stairs to his Chamber without replying; and I soon stop'd the Curiosity of the three Expectants, by telling them I had promis'd Silence, and was resolved to be as good as my Word; but when Things were riper they might know all; at present, I desired them to rest in my faithful Promise, that I would doe my utmost in their Service, and for the good of their Son. With this they were silenced, I cannot say, satisfied.

The next Morning before five a Clock, the Lad was in my Chamber, and very brisk; I arose and went with him. The Field he led me too, I guess'd to be twenty Acres, in an open Country, and about three Furlongs from any House. We went into the Field, and had not gone above a third part, before the Spectrum, in the shape of a Woman, with all the Circumstances he had described her to me in the Orchard the Day before, (as much as the suddenness of its Appearance, and evanition would permit me to discover) met us and passed by. I was a little surprised at it; and though I had taken up a firm Resolution to speak to it, yet I had not the power, nor indeed durst I look back, yet I took care not to shew any fear to my Pupil and Guide, and therefore only telling him, that I was satisfied in the Truth of his Complaint, we walked to the end of the Field, and returned, nor did the Ghost meets us at that Time above once. I perceived in the young Man a kind of Boldness mixt with Astonishment; the first caused by my Presence, and the Proof he had given of his own Relation, and the other by the sight of his Persecutor.

In ſhort, we went home; I ſomewhat puzled, he much animated. At our return, the Gentlewoman (whoſe inquiſitiveneſs had miſs'd us) watch'd to ſpeak with me, I gave her a convenience, and told her that my Opinion was, that her Son's Complaint was not to be ſlighted, nor altogether diſcredited, yet that my Judgement in his Caſe was not ſettled. I gave her Caution moreover, that the Thing might not take wind, leaſt the whole Country ſhould ring, with what we yet had no Aſſurance of.

In this juncture of Time, I had Buſineſs, which would admit no delay; wherefore I went for *Lanceſton* that Evening, but promiſed to ſee them again next Week. Yet I was prevented by an Occaſion which pleaded a ſufficient excuſe. For my Wife was that Week brought home from a Neighbours Houſe very ill. However my Mind was upon the Adventure; I ſtuddied the Caſe; and about three Weeks after went again; reſolving by the help of God to ſee the utmoſt.

The next Morning being the 27th Day of *July* 1665. I went to the haunted Field by my ſelf, and walked the breadth of it without any encounter, I returned, and took the other Walk, and then the Spectrum appeared to me, much about the ſame Place I ſaw it before when the young Gentleman was with me: In my Thoughts it moved ſwifter than the Time before, and about ten Foot diſtant from me on my right Hand; inſomuch that I had not Time to ſpeak as I determined with my ſelf before Hand.

The Evening of this Day, the Parents, the Son, and my ſelf, being in the Chamber where I lay,

I

I propounded to them, our going altogether to the Place next Morning, and ſome aſſeveration, that there was no danger in it, we all reſolved upon it. The Morning being come, leaſt we ſhould alarm the Family of Servants, they went under the pretence of ſeeing a Field of Wheat, and I took my Horſe, and fetcht a Compaſs another way, and ſo met at the Stile we had appointed.

Thence we all four walked leiſurely into the Quartils; and had paſt above half the Field, before the Ghoſt made Appearance. It then came over the Stile juſt before us, and moved with that ſwiftneſs, that by the Time we had gone ſix or ſeven Steps it paſſed by. I immediately turn'd Head and ran after it, with the young Man by my ſide; we ſaw, it paſs over the Style at which we entred, but no farther, I ſtept upon the Hedge at one Place, he at another but could diſcern nothing; whereas I dare averr, that the ſwifteſt Horſe in *England* could not have conveyed himſelf out of ſight, in that ſhort ſpace of Time. Two Things I obſerved in this Days Appearance.

1. That a Spaniel Dog, who followed the Company unregarded, did bark and run away, as the Spectrum paſſed by; whence 'tis eaſy to conclude that 'twas not our Fear or Fancy which made the Apparition.

2. That the motion of the Spectrum was not gradatim, or by Steps, and moving of the Feet; but a kind of gliding as Children upon the Ice, or a Boat down a ſwift River, which punctually anſwers the Deſcriptions, the Ancients gave of the Motion of their *Lemures*, which was,

Κατὰ ῥᾴμβου ἄνεστον ἐγὼ ἄρμενι ἔνδοθι πόντου. Heliodor.

But to proceed, this occular Evidence clearly convinc'd, but withall strangely affrighted the Old Gentleman and his Wife; who knew this *Dorothy Dingly* in her Life Time, were at her Burial, and now plainly saw her Features in this present Apparition. I encourag'd them as well as I could; but after this they went no more. However I was resolved to proceed, and use such lawful Means as God hath discovered, and learned Men have successfully practised, in these un-vulgar Cases.

The next Morning being *Thursday*, I went out very early by my self, and walked for about an Hours space in Meditation and Prayer in the Field next adjoining to the Quartils. Soon after Five I stept over the Stile, into the disturb'd Field; and had not gone above thirty or forty Paces before the Ghost appeared at the farther Stile. I spake to it with a loud Voice, in some such Sentences as the way of these dealings directed me, whereupon it approached but slowly, and when I came near it moved not. I spake again and it answered, in a Voice neither very Audible nor Inteligible. I was not in the least terrify'd, and therefore persisted, until it spake again, and gave me Satisfaction. But the Work could not be finish'd at this Time; wherefore the same Evening an Hour after Sun-set, it met me again near the same Place, and after a few Words of each side it quietly vanished, and neither doth appear

pear ſince, nor ever will more, to any Man's diſturbance. The diſcourſe in the Morning laſted about a quarter of an Hour.

These Things are true, and I know them to be ſo with as much certainty as Eyes and Ears can give me, and until I can be perſwaded that my Senſes do deceive me about their proper object; and by that perſwaſion deprive my ſelf of the ſtrongeſt Inducement to believe the *Chriſtian Religion*, I muſt and will aſſert, that theſe Things in this Paper are true.

As for the manner of my proceeding, I find no Reaſon to be aſham'd of it, for I can juſtify it, to Men of good Principles, Diſcretion, and recondite Learning. Though in this Caſe I choſe to content my ſelf in the aſſurance of the Thing, rather than be at the unprofitable trouble to perſwade others to believe it. For I know full well with what difficulty, Relations of ſo uncommon a Nature and Practice, obtain Belief. He that tells ſuch a Story, may expect to be dealt withal, as a Traveller in *Poland* by the Robbers, *viz.* firſt Murdered and then Search'd, firſt condemn'd for a Lyar, or Superſtitious, and then (when 'tis too late) have his Reaſons and Proofs examined. This Incredulity may be attributed,

1. To the infinite abuſes of the People, and impoſitions upon their Faith by the cunning *Monks* and *Friars*, &c. in the Days of Darkneſs and Popery. For they made Apparitions as often as they pleaſed, and got both Money and Credit by quieting the *terriculamenta Vulgi*, which their own Artifice had raiſed.

2. To

2. To the prevailing of *Somatiſm* and the *Hobbëan* Principle in theſe Times; which is a Revival of the Doctrine of the Sadduces, and as it denies the Nature, ſo cannot conſiſt with the Apparition of Spirits, of which ſee, *Leviath*: p. 1 c. 12.

3. To the Ignorance of Men in our Age, in this peculiar and Myſterious Part of Philoſophy and Religion, namely the Communication between Spirits and Men. Not one Scholar of ten Thouſand (though otherwiſe of excellent Learning) knows any Thing of it, or the way how to manage it. This Ignorance breeds fear, and abhorence of that, which otherwiſe might be of incomparable benefit to Mankind.

But I being a Clergy Man, and young, and a Stranger in theſe Parts, doe apprehend ſilence and ſecrecy to be my beſt ſecurity.

In rebus abſtruſiſſimis abundans cautela non nocet,

September 4th. 1665.

POSTSCRIPT.

'TIS poſſible that the unacquaintedneſs of ſome Men with Church Hiſtory, and the Writings of the Ancient Fathers may be one Cauſe of their Prejudice againſt Things and Narratives of this Nature; I could cite out of them Hundreds of Paſſages in confirmation (*a pari*) of what I have now done and Written. But a ſingle Teſtimony ſhall ſerve to fill up this Page.

Saint

Saint *Cyprian* was a Father of the third Century, Cotemporary with *Origen*, *Tertullian*, *Lactantius*, *Clem. Alexand.* and other learned Men. Observe his Words,

St. Cyprianus Episcopus Carthagin. Martirio honoratus An. Dom. 250.

S. Cypriani *Epist. ad Demetrium Ethnicum* p. 328.

Si audire velles & videre quando Spiritus mali a nobis adjurantur & torquentur Spiritualibus flagris; quando Dæmones ejulantes & gementes humana Voce venturum judicium confitentur: Videbis nos rogari ab ijs quos tu Rogas, & tamen ab ijs quos tu adoras: Videbis sub manu nostrâ stare vinctos & tremere captivos, quos tu veneraris ut Dominos. Certé vel sic in erroribus tuis confundi poteris, cum conspexeris & audieris Deos, tuos quid sint, nostra Interrogatione, statim prodere, &c.

See *Pamelius's* Notes on *Tertullian*, N. 64.

" If you would hear and see, when evil Spirits " are by us adjured and put to spiritual Torture; " when the very Devils, groaning and lamenting " with a Human Voice, confess a future Judg- " ment, You shall hear us intreated by those, whom " you intreat, and by those, whom you adore: " You shall see those, stand Fetter'd as it were " under our Hands, and tremble like *Captive Slaves*, " whom you worship as Deities. Certainly you " must be thus Confounded in your Errors, when " You shall see and hear your Gods, upon Questi- " ons we put to them, immediately betray, what " they are.

FINIS.